

In the World of Sport.

ANOTHER DAY OFF FOR THE GIANTS.

Looked Through the Drizzle at Mrs. Marshall's Onion Patch.

Bentley Seymour, of Albany, Bids Fair to Outrival All the Other League Pitchers.

BOWLING ALLEY WELL PATRONIZED.

Little Mulligan is a Speedy and Reliable Fielder and Possessed of Plenty of "Ginger." Is Sure to Be Heard from Later.

Jacksonville, Fla., March 16.—Two days off in succession means a joyous time for the average hired man, but ball players training for the event of their lives do not fancy enforced vacations. They observed the Day of Rest and expected to renew the struggle this morning much refreshed in mind and body, but the sky sprang leak shortly after breakfast, and soon the faces of the athletes even began to grow cloudy.

An active man does not rejoice to sit and look at the natural scenery of Florida during a flood. The view from the hotel veranda is unsurpassing, but nothing in the surrounding vista appeals more forcibly to our sense of the beautiful in nature than the two-acre patch of green spring onions owned and edited by Mrs. Marshall, the landlady.

Onions, by the way, form an excellent article of training diet, as they strengthen the lungs and increase the scope of the batting eye. Captain Gleason calls the crisp sprouts "liners," and they are, they are, but the right spot, or are so hot, or something of that sort.

None of the athletes were exactly driven to drink by the drizzle, but those in the humor bowed all day in an alley back of the hotel, as something must be done to cover up the half frozen fanatics of the far North and keep them in touch with the moods and motions of bunters, base stealers and what not.

As the teams have not been in harness since Saturday afternoon there is but little to report in the way of progress. There was a few lame arms among the company, but these ailments are not noticeable at table, the only violent exercise indulged in for two days.

In the pitching squad, J. Bentley Seymour is regarded as a coming, if not already arrived, "phenomenon." He is an eighteen-year-old Albany boy, who has never played professionally, but who holds the record of 164 strike outs per game in rapid college contests. J. Bentley is said to have the control of a Keeley graduate, and as for speed, well, with a nice new ball the young man's delivery is worth the price of admission.

Stretched from the pitcher's box to the home plate, so it is said.

Mr. Seymour has not yet exploited his repertory, owing to the inclemency of the climate, but he will do so by and by. He is a quiet, unassuming boy, and there can be no doubt that he will be a valuable asset to the team.

Small men are never shy on the mound. This is a fact which is well known in minor leagues, but his long list is said to be among the daisies and the sand fleas further outside.

CHARLES DRYDEN.

MARCEL IS BANISHED.

Board of Governors at New Orleans Decide to Refuse the Mare's Entry.

New Orleans, March 16.—The Board of Governors met before the racing began today and completed their investigation of the running of the mare Marcel in her last two races. Their decision was against the mare, and the secretary was notified to refuse all entries from the stable of her owner, J. F. Fogg, and the last named was ordered to remove his horses from the grounds at once.

The entry of the horse Androz was also ordered on the black list for the balance of the meeting. The reason for this ruling has been of a decided in-and-out order. Few agree with the officials in this ruling, as a careful relation to the colt's form in the two races in which he has started fails to bear out their suspicions. The first race in which he started, he was asked to meet a real good lot, while his competitors on Saturday were all non-winners at the meeting.

The track doctor at afternoon was deep in mud, but the talent managed to pick four of the six winners. The only thing to be said in regard to the racing was that the Valet-Campagna match was declared off. Bobby Smith and his friends scored a killing in the opening race. Old Dominion, their favorite, was newly played, but as Red John and Sir John also had a following, 3 to 1 was always obtainable against him. Sherer waited with him until the home stretch was reached. Then he cut loose, and at the end won easily by a long and won't stand. Cochran was one of the lucky ones, and he had plain sailing to the end, winning by three lengths from the last, who beat Gladoli five lengths for the place.

The start in the third race was a wretched one. It was made with the machine, the barrier going up with the field in procession. Seabrook, one of the lot, was left standing. Cochran was one of the lucky ones, and he had plain sailing to the end, winning by three lengths from the last, who beat Gladoli five lengths for the place.

Scratching reduced the field for the fourth race down to five starters, of which Robert Latta, a recent choice at even money, with Tanager next in demand at 9 to 5. At the finish both were beaten, a hard drive all through the last furlong resulting in a victory for Haroline, an 8 to 1 chance. He won by a neck from Robert Latta, who beat Tanager for the place.

Hillboro captured the fifth race, which was second to Lucy Bell for five furlongs, then took the lead, and at the end won easily. The closing event was one more for the favorite, Ashland, an even money chance, making all the running and winning by half a length from King Bim, who beat Frover's a length for the place.

A PRESIDENT'S DUCK SHOOTING OUTFIT.

Dressed in a Leather Suit, Slouch Marsh Hat and High Gum Boots, He Handles a Nine-Pound Gun with Ease and Precision.

Washington, March 16.—Persons who can afford the luxury, as well as the friends of Grover Cleveland, Chief Executive of this glorious nation, are, without doubt, accustomed to getting their solid rest during the early morning hours, especially these March mornings. To these slothful souls there can be no sport in getting up at the unreasonable hour of 2 o'clock in the morning, leaving a warm bed and going out into the chilling air just to shoot the toothsome canvasback. As these members of the feathered tribe are decidedly cool and not to be caught save by penetrating their lair, it becomes a matter of personal discomfort to seek their slaughter. When the nation's President, despite his ponderosity, deliberately and with malice aforethought, leaves his comfortable, not to say luxurious, quarters in the White House, takes passage on a Government tender and bies him away some forty or more miles down the classic Potomac, there to engage in duck shooting, he gives up all ideas of personal comfort and becomes imbued with the one sole thought and desire for sport.

But Mr. Cleveland is not the kind of man to be satisfied with the ordinary kind of sport simply consisting in betting on horse-races, watching football or baseball or shooting crap. He is willing to lose himself for the time being, lose a half night's rest, brave the elements and sit for hours in a blind, with his gun in hand, ready to have a shot at any duck coming within range. Duck shooting is not by any means sport, as the term is generally applied, but the results are highly gratifying to the genuine lover, such as the President has become. If a grand order of duck shooters should be organized, President Cleveland would be a prominent candidate for the post of past grand master.

ENJOYS THE TASTE OF HIS OWN BIRDS.

These ducking expeditions of the President have become common of late, and he will probably continue indulging at the rate of one a week for the remainder of the season, which will come to a close with the end of April. It is said that when the President returns with laden bags he distributes portions of the spoil among members of his Cabinet and a few intimate friends. He naturally reserves choice birds for the home table and can do full and ample justice to the results of his own prowess.

This duck shooting craze is not a new fad with Mr. Cleveland, for during his previous Administration he made several trips down the river. But it is only the present Winter that he has launched out as a regular frequenter of the marshes. When he first came to Washington the President shot ducks in company with Captain Hobley D. Evans, familiarly known as "Fighting Bob." These two would occasionally steal away down the Potomac and seek brant and wild geese as far as Currituck, Norfolk, through the canal to Roanoke Inlet, and even to Albemarle Sound.

"WIDE-WATER" IS THE FAVORITE GROUND.

But this year the President has become so fascinated with the sport that his gunning trips are at frequent intervals, his last expedition being during the present week. He has gained experience in selecting a location for his trips, and now seeks a spot forty-six miles down the Potomac, known as Wide-Water, Va. This locality is celebrated for its ducking qualities, the shore along Aquia Creek being the resort for many years of gunners. All about the place the shooting is excellent—at Broadwater, formerly Blue Wing, Powell's Creek, Gardner's Island, and the Arkadelphia property. The latter is likely to pass into possession of the President, he being in negotiation for its purchase. Smith Lee, a brother of ex-Governor Fitzhugh Lee, was the owner of Arkadelphia, it being the place where the President now hunts ducks, is so given because of the widening of the river just at this point. The marshes are extensive, and the river channel is over on the Maryland side. The ducking herababits is unexcelled at any point on the Potomac. Wild turkeys, quail, squirrels and rabbits abound, while the shore is noted as the annual feeding ground of large numbers of wild swans. Withers Waller, a plain man but an enthusiastic sportsman, is the present owner of Wide-Water, and the President is always a welcome visitor to the shore. Mr. Waller is noted as an educator of ducks, his object being for years to induce the birds to come to this place to feed and nest.

TAKES A BIG BOAT FOR HIS WORK.

One of the greatest discomforts in ducking is the necessity of going on the water in order to get a shot at the game. Now, the President being so bulky, one would fancy his Cleveland would be rather formidable and dangerous. As a matter of fact, Mr. Cleveland is a man of trusting his competency to the uncertain mercies of a sink boat, and contents himself with a common flat-bottomed skiff. In this he takes up his position, and when the opportunity presents itself for a shot, he bips away and generally bags his bird. He is a good water, and would give pointers to ambitious disciples of Nimrod in the respect of patience.

When Mr. Cleveland leaves the White House for a ducking trip he is always accompanied by one or more fellow sportsmen, Captain Lambert being one of the recent members of the company. The start is made generally after 9 o'clock, and the departure from the wharf in semi-secrecy; in fact, it is intended to be made without the knowledge of press and public. Long before the God of Day rises to shed his refulgence on this part of the earth, the President is in his boat, concealed in the marshes, and for hours he will remain hanging about at whatever place. A cold chicken sandwich, with something liquid to wash it down, serves to quell the pangs of hunger until the day's sport comes to a close.

IN A SHOOTING GARB OF LEATHER.

The sight of the President of the United States in full hunting regalia is quite a picture with the huge frame swathed in leather clothing, the feet and legs encased in big boots and the regulation ducking hat or bonnet surmounting the head. The picture is inspiring. The belt, loaded with cartridges, encloses the waist, while the handsome twelve-gauge, nine-pound double-barreled hammerless shotgun completes the symphony.

This gun is a beauty, and has been in possession of its present owner for some time. The President has another gun, but the one mentioned first is his favorite. When the gunning coat worn by the President was turned out according to contract it proved a revelation to those not aware of the measurements of Mr. Cleveland. It is said to be the largest coat of its kind ever manufactured, with respect to the girth. At the waist its circumference is fifty-eight and one-half inches, while at the chest it is fifty-two inches. But the coat is not close fitting by any means, there being sufficient room for the wearer to use his arms at ease, so necessary to a gunner. This coat was recently furnished through a Washington dealer in sporting goods, but was manufactured in New York.

He has recently added to his outfit several new guns, but as yet has not laid aside his old favorite. His No. 12 is choked, and the President finds three and one-half drachms of black powder and one and one-eighth ounces No. 6 shot his most effective charge. His shells are hand-loaded at the local gun stores.

NO SMOKELESS POWDER FOR HIM.

While the vast majority of duckers use the smokeless powder, Mr. Cleveland does not fancy it. Whenever a trip down the river is contemplated and ammunition is needed, the same is usually obtained in Washington. The President never purchases anything personally, but always by messenger. About the only time he unbends from his reserve is on these ducking trips, and then the real man comes to the surface. On next Wednesday Mr. Cleveland will celebrate the fifty-ninth anniversary of his birth, and if he is enabled to follow his own inclinations he will doubtless pass the day engaged in his favorite sport with gun in hand waiting for the ducks and waiting for the pleasure of bringing down a canvasback.

ATHLETES FROM THE HUB.

Will Leave for Athens on Saturday Next to Compete in the Olympic Games.

Boston, March 16.—The Athletic Committee of the Boston Athletic Association has reconsidered its decision and has authorized the Olympic Games Committee to go on with the preparations for sending a team to Athens, a team which the committee had previously decided to abandon the trip, owing to a lack of interest among the club members, but the sentiment has changed since then and it is now practically decided to send a team represented by the B. A. A. team and that the men will leave for New York next Friday, accompanied by Manager John Graham, to sail for Greece on the following day.

The members who will carry the B. A. A. colors abroad are: T. E. Burke, in the dashes and middle distance; E. H. Clark, in the jumps, the shot and hammer; and B. Clark, in the long distance run, and T. P. Curtis, in the hurdles.

If they get away Saturday they will arrive in Athens on Sunday, and a cablegram from the games secretary in Athens, received early last week, assures the club that they will be there by the time, as evidence of how broadcast the news spread that the B. A. A. would be represented in the Olympic games, it might be said that the committee received last week an application from a man in Liverpool, England, to act as interpreter for the team.

DIXON WILL NOT RETIRE.

O'Rourke States that the Featherweight Champion is Still in the Ring.

A dispatch from Boston last night announced that George Dixon, the featherweight champion pugilist of the world, would make his final appearance in the magic circle to-night at Music Hall, in that city, where he is booked to box Jerry Marshall, of Australia, fifteen or twenty rounds for a decision.

Tom O'Rourke, at the Eureka A. C. arena last night emphatically denied the report. "George will fight," said his manager, "just as long as he can find anybody in the world to make a match with him, and for just as long as he can raise him. He is not out of it by any means."

Answers to Correspondents.

Constant Reader.—Address the secretary of the club.

Frank Owens.—They have met three times. The last was at Coney Island. The night was stopped by the police in the eleventh round for two minutes, then allowed to continue until the eighteenth round, when the police finally intervened. At this second interruption Smith was practically a whipped man, and showed signs of a distinct desire to quit. It was called a draw, May 27, 1903.



The President Fully Equipped.

There is no more ardent lover of duck shooting than the present Chief Executive of the nation. He is, moreover, an excellent shot, and is not dependent on others to fill his game bag.

EASY MARK FOR WALCOTT.

Tom O'Rourke's Black Wonder Finished "Bright Eyes" in Seven Rounds.

The Texan Repeatedly Ran Away from His Opponent and Was Altogether Outclassed.

"SCALDY BILL" A TOUGH CUSTOMER.

Got the Decision Over Tommy West After Ten Rounds of Unscientific Fighting—Dave Wall Bested Myers.

"Walcott can't put him out!" exclaimed a blanchette in the Eureka Athletic Club last night, after two minutes and fifty-five seconds of the seventh round in the Walcott-"Bright Eyes" fight had been contested. The words had not left his lips when the black demon's left glove came sharply up to his rival's jaw and the man from Texas dropped a limp, lifeless thing on the floor.

"Bright Eyes," otherwise Scott Collins, hardly demonstrated any claims to science, but he was not alone in the ring, but he could never be classed as fit for a label "Dangerous." His manner of fighting is a rude imitation of the style of Bob Fitzsimmons, but the facility with which he dropped to the floor to avoid punishment is a style peculiarly his own.

The Texan is entitled to fame more by reason of his peculiar optical construction than through his merit as a pugilist. While Walcott was dealing promiscuous rebuffs to his aspirations, he of the Svangal gaze betrayed an ardent desire to be elsewhere.

In the seventh chapter of their debate he was evidently ill-fitted with a piece of the murky waters of the Rio Grande, and only the ropes and the frantic cries of his seconds kept him inside the enclosure.

Walcott was plainly nettled by the fact that he couldn't finish the affair quicker, and the remark of the spectators quickened his aspirations. He ducked under the arm of his opponent, broke his temper with his restraint. "Bright Eyes" had been feeling from the rain of fists when Walcott caught him with a left, straightening him up, and then sent a staggering contribution from his right to the neck. Then came the coup de grace, a left hand sending him prone to his back, where he remained while the clock ticked ten times.

It was the inaugural show of the new Eureka Athletic Club, and but for the wrath of the elements the athletic card of the night would have been a splendid one. The promoters of the enterprise, a considerable crowd of pipeblows and Mayor P. Jerome were there with a portion of that majestic men which it is impossible for him to separate himself from. To be sure he leaves as much of it as possible when he locks the office door upon his battle axe and knocks off work for the day. But it is impossible for him to leave it all in the sanctum whence he issues his edicts, and he is not a man to stamp him to the eyes of the stranger, as the sovereign of the town of creek and mill.

Many New Yorkers braved the pitfalls and sloughs of slush to see the argument that was adjourned from "Garry's" because of the non-attendance of a fair for glove contests. The journey made up in part for any latitudinal differences. Pounding avenue wads across the Rio Grande, every bit of it.

"Bright Eyes" was not the bearer of the only route-bus for William Quinn, of Porterville, masqueraded under the sobriquet of "Scaldy Bill" in order to meet Tommy West without reflecting upon his own lineage. "Scaldy" is a Tim Hurst find. A sort of black diamond from the coal region.

The Eureka Athletic Club is the Puritan Athletic Club regenerated, moved across the street and revamped. The amphitheatre is built around a nice new ring with posts of imaginary hue and a royal purple carpet. The ring is of an unusual size, twenty-four by twenty feet. He is an ideal for sprinters and looks almost as big as Chris von der Ahe's race track at St. Louis.

"Brooklyn" Jimmy Carroll paraded a brand new suit, as became a brand new referee, veteran Charlie Harvey told the echoes what was about to drill the spec-

tators, and Dr. Arthur O'Shea thumped vigorously upon a brightly burnished gong when he wanted hostilities to cease and again when he desired them to continue. His technique with the bell would phase an experienced trolley motorman. But then the latter uses his feet and lacks execution, preferring to let the car do that part.

Dan Stuart was present, with his identity partially concealed beneath a cape coat. He looked mounted on the heart, though the hard luck which had pursued him even to the bitter end, for yesterday was not kinestose weather by several jugs.

"SCALDY BILL" AND TOMMY WEST.

"Scaldy Bill" and Tommy West were the first pair called into the ring. They were slated for ten rounds, at catchweights. West replaced Paddy Parrell, who had been taken ill after the match was made. "Scaldy" wears all his hair on the three-quarters of his cranium, having had his right, but not his left, shaved.

The clear began with hard right-handers from West. "Scaldy" showing no science, but managing to land a good left in the face. Tommy jabbed his left into the chest of the Texan, and the latter, who was right on the jaw twice and slipping away with ease. West easily outclasses the man from the coal regions.

The awkwardness of "Scaldy" nearly lost the fight as soon as the bell rang for the second. He rushed to the ropes and was caught by an accident, which left him in an exchange managed to connect once. But a straight left cut his lip, and he didn't like the medicine, so he hugged his opponent, and the fight was over.

Both began the eighth wildly. West jabbing his man's head back with a straight left, and the Texan stood him again for two minutes, but took matters easy.

Wall continued peppering his opponent in the face, and the Texan, who was not a bad grace, the spectators tired of the one-sided affair, and Meyers tried to mix it up.

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him with the right. Quinn was froggy, but West was too weak to finish him.

In the last round West began jabbing, and a right-hand swing weakened Quinn, who landed his left on the head twice. West neglected the chances before he sent his right to the jaw, and the gong sounded. "Scaldy" got the decision. He has as much of an idea of boxing as a mule has of flying, but he bested West.

Bantam Dave Wall and Sammy Meyers, then came on for their ten seconds' rest. Wall ducked into a straight left in the second, but got Sammy into a serious mix-up with his right on the ropes, swinging straight and upper cuts, the best saved Meyers did all the receiving. The third round was a thing of clock-like smashes by Wall, who made Meyers' stomach his favorite target.

Sammy didn't land a punch. Meyers sent glancing right to the head, but was caught by a straight left, and was sent for a run of ten or twelve on body and head without a return. This was the fourth time that Quinn continued to hurt.

Meyers showed a little spirit in the fifth, but he cozed out before an assortment of straight and upper cuts, the best saved Wall took one in the short ribs and sailed right in a right swing on the ear. He countered two to one thought, and Meyers was guessing. So closed the sixth dreary period. As the seventh began Meyers looked fierce and ran into a right.

Then Wall made a target of him again for two minutes, but took matters easy.

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New Orleans, March 16, 1896.

Ninety-eight day of the Crescent City Jockey Club's Winter meeting. Weather bright and cool. Track muddy.

520.—FIRST RACE—Purse \$250; selling; for four-year-olds and upward. Six furlongs. Time—1:18 1/4.

Index	Horses	Wt.	St.	1/4	1/2	3/4	M.	Fin.	Jockeys	Open.	Betting.
601	Old Dominion	107	3	4	3	2	2	2	Sherron	2	3
602	Red John	105	3	4	3	2	2	2	Sherron	2	3
603	Sir John	107	6	5	4	4	4	4	Hinkley	2	3
604	Bar	107	6	5	4	4	4	4	Hinkley	2	3
605	Mary	107	6	5	4	4	4	4	Hinkley	2	3
606	Bar	107	6	5	4	4	4	4	Hinkley	2	3
607	Bar	107	6	5	4	4	4	4	Hinkley	2	3
608	Bar	107	6	5	4	4	4	4	Hinkley	2	3
609	Bar	107	6	5	4	4	4	4	Hinkley	2	3
610	Bar	107	6	5	4	4	4	4	Hinkley	2	3

Start (with machine) good. Won easily. Winner brown gelding by Dry Monopolio—Clara.

521.—SECOND RACE—Purse \$200; for four-year-olds and upward. Seven furlongs and a half. Time—1:39.

Index	Horses	Wt.	St.	1/4	1/2	3/4	M.	Fin.	Jockeys	Open.	Betting.
611	Van Brunt	110	1	4	3	2	2	2	Sherron	6-5	4-5
612	Little Mills	108	3	4	3	2	2	2	Sherron	6-5	4-5
613	Constantine	108	4	3	2	2	2	2	Sherron	6-5	4-5
614	Sir John	108	2	3	2	2	2	2	Sherron	6-5	4-5
615	Semelle	108	5	5	5	5	5	5	Hyle	20	60
616	San	108	6	6	6	6	6	6	Hyle	20	60
617	San	108	6	6	6	6	6	6	Hyle	20	60
618	San	108	6	6	6	6	6	6	Hyle	20	60
619	San	108	6	6	6	6	6	6	Hyle	20	60
620	San	108	6	6	6	6	6	6	Hyle	20	60

Start good. Won easily. Winner bay horse by Cheviot—Active.

522.—THIRD RACE—Purse \$250; selling; for three-year-olds. Six furlongs. Time—1:10.

La	EX	Horses.	Wt.	St.	M
454		Cochina	110	1 ^h	
517		Nikita	105	2 ^h	
473		Gladlioll	105	4 ^h	
232		Lady Doleful	105	5	
462		Hippogriffe	110	3 ^h	
468		Seabrook	110	*	

* Left at the post.